

1930 draft
CSH

Introduction.

In this year of grace 1930 I, an American, hope to look back at a moving picture of experience, observations, reading, travel, dreams, visions, and social intercourse 61 years long and as wide as the world, with not a dull moment in all that time.

I am an American for the good and sufficient reason that I was so born, and am proud of that fact because for the last seven year I have visited nearly every country in the world and with ~~unbiased~~ unbiased eyes looked upon the facilities, the civilization, the standard of living and the culture of other peoples and countries.

I hope to review the past and take stock of the present because to me my past life is of unfailing interest and for the present I am confronted with a novel situation, that of being out of employment for the first time since childhood. The present situation is not only novel but wholly unexpected. It came about in this way:

Soon after I returned from a mission to the Argentine my bureau, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, which I helped create in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, urged me to accept the position of Agricultural Commissioner at Rome and serve also as director of the World Agricultural Census Project under the auspices of the International Institute of Agriculture, the bureau continuing to pay part of my salary and travel expenses. I accepted reluctantly because it involved the sacrifice of salary opportunities, ^{foregoing} and life in the United States, and separation from family and friends for a period of five years. I accomplished the mission successfully, met with a courteous reception in all countries, ^{won} winning their good will and cooperation for the census project, and ^{was} being highly commended by the International Institute of Agriculture for the satisfactory manner in which the rather delicate

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and semi-diplomatic mission had been accomplished. During the course of this mission I had personally seen something of the agriculture of all countries and had studied their agricultural and statistical organization and interviewed their responsible officials. Upon returning to my bureau I naturally assumed that I would resume my former position as associate chief or at least be assigned to some other service for which my long and rather unusual experience might fit me. The thought that there would be no place for me in my own bureau and that I would be expected to look elsewhere for employment never occurred to me. However, on reaching the bureau I soon sensed a different attitude on the part of my former associates and a different atmosphere, not exactly hostile but certainly not warm and friendly as in the old days. It appeared that either I or the bureau had changed, whether I had grown too big or too small for the bureau, whether I was too far in advance or my horizons were too wide or too narrow, I could not readily determine, but it was evident that I could no longer join the routine bureaucratic procession or fit harmoniously into the official scheme of things. Also it appeared that my presence in the bureau was embarrassing to the administrative staff.

During my first month, December and the holiday season, the chief of bureau was absent undergoing hospital treatment and I was much occupied with getting acquainted with my family and old friends and checking up on such things as taxes, insurance, and other matters that had been looked after by others during my long absence. At the beginning of the new year, however, it gradually dawned on me that I was completely isolated in the bureau, that not a single letter or other matter was referred to me, that not a single notice of any committee meeting or conference came from the acting chief or any of his assistants, and after

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and that not a single visitor to the bureau--many of them old friends and acquaintances of mine--was made aware that I had returned and was sitting in a near-by room. In fact, it was a freeze-out and I had absolutely nothing to do but ^{sit and} think. *ff* When the chief returned I had to wait 24 ^{hours} ~~hrs~~ to see him--and this after I had been received promptly and courteously by the ministers of agriculture and other high officials of practically all countries. When I did get an interview with the chief of bureau he made it clear that he did not consider me as a part of the permanent staff of the bureau and that there was no place for me in it. I suggested that perhaps I had contributed more to the reorganization of the Department of Agriculture and to the establishment of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics than any other man in the Department, that I was its first associate chief, that I had seen more of foreign agriculture than any other man living, that I had accepted and successfully completed a difficult foreign mission at considerable personal sacrifice at the urgent request of and for the bureau, and that it seemed to me that my rather unusual experience might be of some service to the bureau even in its present highly perfected state of organization; that I had no wish to displace or disturb any one then in the bureau, and that if my services could not be utilized to advantage I would, of course, relieve him and others in the bureau of all embarrassment by resigning; but in that case I wished him to consider whether the finances of the bureau would stand the strain of keeping me on the rolls for two or three months as an offset to the 150 days leave to which I would have been entitled had I remained in Washington during the last five years; whether if I was retained for a short time my salary would be restored to its full figure beginning with January first when the cooperative

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salary from the Institute ceased; and whether the bureau would pay my travel expenses to St. Paul in February where I was to give an address before a large cooperative live stock association on the livestock situation in competing countries. He said he would make a note of my salary for consideration, but that the bureau was short of funds and could not pay any travel expenses. (He had just returned from a trip to California for his health at government expense.) Nice situation that, in my home office and after special and highly successful service abroad for so many years. And to think that this chief was an insignificant student in an obscure position less than ten years before, and I was chiefly responsible for giving him his opportunity.

Beginning Life Anew at 61.

And so, Was I a little disappointed, a little bitter, a little discouraged? No, ~~no~~ of course not. Just think of the novelty of the situation, the unexpectedness of it. Think what fun I shall have in watching the behavior of my former professed friends. Time was when every one in the bureau professed the warmest friendship for me, as well as admiration and deference. Now, I can watch the expressions of mixed feelings on their faces, listen to the peculiar questions they ask, expressive of curiosity and conjecture, indicative of selfcongratulation for themselves and commiseration for me, and so on. Think also of the adventure involved in beginning life anew after 36 years of assured positions in the government service, and coming at 61 years of age. Beginning life anew; why, what a wonderful thing that is; one need never grow old and sink gradually into futile senility, especially if he has the priceless gift of undying curiosity and love of beauty in all things its forms and manifestations; and think what a wonderful advantage a man of 61 has in beginning life over again in competition with millions of other young men who are facing life for the first time without experience.

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And to one beginning life anew, how opportunities will come crowding ~~x~~ around with smiling faces and fairy graces, flitting and flashing like fireflies in the darkness, fluttering like butterflies in the sunshine, and some of the more importunate ones buzzing like bees out for honey, some of them beautiful and irridescent like dreams and others sober and substantial like mountains and valleys. What an opportunity one will have to appraise the value of old friendships and get a perspective on the relative importance of events, and of the multitudinous and costly lines of work under way in my old Department of Agriculture, and to ~~estimate~~ appraise the relative value of the men in the department--all of which will be great fun. And what a wonderful opportunity one will have to take stock of himself and his environment and his opportunities, and the adventure of shaping his course into the uncharted sea of the future, and the fun he will get out of it? An in watching the behavior of his friends and listening to their comments and unsolicited advice, especially if the new course cuts across conventional lines.

Well, what is the first step one takes when his job peters out, when his salary stops and along with it his cash income, while living and other expenses go merrily ^{and up} on? What does one do when he suddenly and unexpectedly comes upon a jumping off place? Why, he stops and takes a look about him, takes stock of the situation, and tries to find another way out or around. I first looked in the direction of the Secretary's office, because in years gone by I had filled satisfactorily various situations of a miscellaneous character, such as straightening out snarls in administration, contributing material for public speeches and articles by the Secretary, organizing and supervising seed grain loans, representing the Secretary at various committee meetings, including

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the Council of National Defence, and so on, but I was informed there was no opening for a free lance of this character because of lack of funds in the office of the Secretary. ¶ It was suggested that the Federal Farm Board would need a man of my exceptional experience and broad knowledge of world agriculture, but I was told upon inquiry that the newly organized Board had already taken on several "economists" and only clerical and other subordinate positions were available. ¶ I learned that my name was under consideration for a position of high rank in the Bureau of the Census. This came to naught because while the Secretary of Commerce and his technical adviser were in favor of my appointment, the Director of the Census wanted no one in his bureau who was not of limited capacity, subordinate in experience and attainments, and completely subservient to his will. ¶ Apparently this exhausts present opportunities in the public service at Washington for one who has only experience and demonstrated ability to offer. I would not consider service outside of Washington because home and friends are here and I have had an overdose of travel and life in foreign lands. I would consider private employment if it was in Washington and the compensation were sufficient to make it attractive; but Washington is considered a poor place for private employment, except as a lobbyist or newspaper correspondent, and I have had no experience in either of these lines. ¶ Work for oneself? Yes, certainly; be one's own employer, an entrepreneur, independent and master of one's own destiny. Surely that would be an adventure, interesting, amusing, and may be profitable. This is interesting because of the possibilities, the potentialities, the opportunities. So let's go to it, let's capitalize, and realize on our experience. May be we will get some bumps, fall into a hole, stub our toes--to be sure, but that's part of the game, and who cares if he gets up again, whistles, and goes right ahead into a new and interesting experience.

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Working for ^{E-13} Oneself.

Another thought: What a wonderful thing it will be to work for oneself. One can set up and read all night if he wants to and it will be nobody's business but his own. Then he can sleep as long as he wants to and not get up until he feels like it: and that, too, is nobody's business. What joy it will be to look out of the window and see the procession of government slaves scurrying by in a desperate effort to reach their offices before the fatal hour of 9 a.m., with a worried look on their faces and a hurried and harried feeling in their minds, and yet not half awake, because government employes never become fully awake. And they have to do this day after day, year in and year out, their whole lives regulated by the clock, with no more life or animation than a clock, until they, like the clock, run down and are displaced and discarded. I ^{can be} thankful there is no more of that for me, that I am well out of it, and that I am to work for myself and be independent of all obligation to employers, public or private, and can think and do and say what I please, always with due consideration for the feelings of others.

Taking Stock of Oneself.

So I am faced by a curious set of circumstances, am to begin life anew, and have decided to march under my own colors. Rather a serious business for one who has been on salary all his adult life, but not more so than being a parent, but should not be so serious for one who never asked for but one job, got it, and made good at it. What is the first thing one does in such a situation? Obviously, he takes stock of himself and his belongings, an inventory, a sort of census as it were.

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Working for Himself

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of periodical inventories of natural resources and industries, censuses, taking stock. This principle is well recognized in all branches of successful business. Surely it is quite as important for the individual as for society. The object of stocktaking, inventories and censuses is, of course, to enable one to plan more intelligently for the future. So here goes for a personal and property inventory.

I will begin with myself. I am a human being with an indefinite past, a peculiarly circumscribed present, and a curious and uncertain future.

Body.

As a human being I have a body that is often inadequate and troublesome and a mentality with certain characteristics that differentiate me from all the other 2,000 million human beings now living. ~~I know little but suspect much of my inherited physical and mental characteristics with which as a new born infant I was endowed.~~

From birth to the present time my body was fed, grew and developed to maturity, suffering in the meantime various modifications from sundry accidents and illnesses, such as a broken arm, a chopped off finger, cuts, bumps, blows, bruises, mumps, measles, pneumonia, and typhoid fever; but generally I have enjoyed excellent health. PP Mentality The mental part of me was wonderful, curious, busy, elated, interested, amused, happy, studious, appreciative of beauty in any and every form, reading with interest anything in print, keenly observant in travel, having intuitive understanding of many things, and keenly relishing both social intercourse and solitude, so that never have I experienced a sense of loneliness or ennui except when there was no escape from human bores.

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E--15
Personal Description.

And now I am a man 61 years old on March 24, 1930: physically five feet seven inches tall, weigh 140 pounds, tending to thinness, light complexion, gray or blue eyes, brown hair thinning ~~xxxxxx~~ and graying slightly on the edges, and minus most of my teeth for which I am duely thankful. Never again can the teeth that are gone cause ache or pain and the dentists chances for fat pickings are narrowed down to a few survivors. Eyesight not so good as when I began to use glasses 35 years ago, but I can still read throughout my waking hours and when the need arises I can always get new glasses.

The complexion I noted as light. As a child and youth it was pink and blushed like a girl's. During the long years of office work it was pale. Always it tanned quickly on exposure to sunlight and wind. Now it seems to be permanently red, whether from exposure to the actinic rays of the tropical sun or from vascular enlargement resulting from free use of alcohol during recent years I cannot say, probably a little of both. ~~On general puritanical principles I was~~ ^{Drinking} a total abstainer until after my 25th year. Then for a quarter of a century I occasionally took a glass of beer or ale, perhaps three or four times a year. Then during two years in the Argentine I learned to take wine with meals. When I returned to the U.S. in December, 1924, I read many conflicting statements about the efficacy and effect of the dry law and the evil effects of alcohol that were contrary to my observation. To settle the question to my own satisfaction I decided, while abroad and alone, to get some first hand information on the subject. I asked a retired army officer why he drank so regularly. He replied that it was because he always felt better for it. "But," I said, "how about the horrible after-effects the next day and the cumulative effects year after year?" "All bosh, or mostly imaginary on the part of nondrinkers" he replied.

General Description
E-15

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Another retired American army officer attributed his good health during fifteen years in the Philippines to the fact that he never drank water during that period but only whiskies and sodas, whereas most of his companions who insisted on drinking only water succumbed to tropical diseases. From that time I drank in moderation every kind of alcoholic beverage I encountered in my travels, straight and mixed, regularly every day: and on some of my voyages when I had no business to transact and no responsibilities I drank heavily, and noted carefully the result. ¶ In general my experience confirmed that of the two army officers: I always felt better for it and there were never any horrible after-effects such as prohibitionists talk about. It never interfered with reading or writing, promoted sleep and digestion and regularity, and the only other after-effects I noted was a lessened appetite for food and a deeper tan on my face. As a result of all my sampling I concluded that I liked whiskey and soda best for regular drinking, beer for quenching thirst in hot weather, and wine with meals. As a result of this experience I concluded also that most prohibitionists are professionally ignorant, lacking personal experience, or having had experience it was either different from mine or they misinterpreted their experience, or they were simply biassed. "But," some have said, "alcohol is a habit forming poison with direful consequences to the individual and to society." This is wholly contrary to my experience and observation, because I had seven years in which to form the habit and since returning to the United States some months ago I have not had a single drink, nor felt the need of it or even thought of it. ¶ During two years residence in Buenos Ayers, a city of two million, I saw only five drunken men on the streets and they were sailors on shore leave, and I did not read in the daily papers

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of a single arrest for drunkenness. Yet upon my return to bone dry Washington the first Sunday paper I read reported 152 arrests for drunkenness the previous night, and before a week had passed I saw men and women on the streets staggering under the influence of strong drink. So much for my reddish complexion, alcoholic or tannic I care not which, and I much prefer it to an ascetic palor.

Habits-----

The possibility that this manuscript may be read by others during my lifetime is sufficient to restrain me from mentioning many things in detail or frankly. The only way in which any human being can express many of his thoughts and feelings is in a shorthand diary that no one else can read, as was the case with Samuel Pepys. Even he was mistaken and his original account of himself had to be expurgated in conformity with the conventions of a hypocritical society.

I have a goodly collection of habits, both physical and mental; too many in fact to be completely enumerated; but a partial list would include breathing, eating, sleeping, bathing, shaving, dressing, working, smoking, reading, observing, thinking, dreaming, writing, talking, walking, whistling, humming, chuckling, and the like.

Breathing.

To the best of my recollection the habit of breathing^h has been with me since the beginning, and of all habits surely breathing is second nature. Whether there can be life without breath is a conundrum.

Eating

Eating is another lifelong habit. I eat anything and everything that tastes good to me, but in relatively small quantity and rather

of a single arrest for drunkenness. Yet upon my return to home city Washington the first Sunday paper I read reported 155 arrests for drunkenness the previous night, and before a week had passed I saw men and women on the streets staggering under the influence of strong drink. So much for my reddish complexion, alcoholic or tannic I care not which, and I much prefer it to an asætic palor.

Habits----

The possibility that this manuscript may be read by others during my lifetime is sufficient to restrain me from mentioning many things in detail or frankly. The only way in which any human being can express many of his thoughts and feelings is in a short-hand diary that no one else can read, as was the case with Samuel Pepys. Even he was mistaken and his original account of himself had to be expurgated in conformity with the conventions of a hypocritical society.

I have a goodly collection of habits, both physical and mental; too many in fact to be completely enumerated; but a partial list would include breathing, eating, sleeping, bathing, shaving, dressing, working, smoking, reading, observing, thinking, dreaming, writing, talking, walking, whistling, humming, chuckling, and the like.

To the best of my recollection the habit of breathing has been with me since the beginning, and of all habits surely breathing is second nature. Whether there can be life without breath

is a conundrum.

Eating is another lifelong habit. I eat anything and everything that tastes good to me, but in relatively small quantity and rather

slowly because of my teeth. I have a lifelong aversion to fats and oils, gravies, and salad dressings. This is sometimes embarrassing when visiting because my aversion is in some cases stronger than my will power and desire to please. But most oils, especially olive oil, has the same effect on me as castor oil.

Drinking

I drink water freely in winter and copiously in summer when in the United States where I am confident it is generally pure, but in other countries I would drink no water except bottled mineral water. In recent years I have drank no alcoholic beverages in the United States because of the law, and ~~o~~ for that reason only; but abroad where ordinary water is apt to be contaminated or infected and mineral water expensive, I drink wine, whiskey and cognac freely.

Sleeping

Ordinarily I sleep well if I am fatigued and my mind is at rest, but if in the evening I am thinking, or writing, or reading and interesting book, so that my mind is active, usually I have difficulty in going to sleep. Also, as I ^{grow}~~get~~ older, I note a tendency to drop off to sleep for an hour or two on going to bed, and then waking up without the power to go to sleep again unless I first get up, turn on the light and read and smoke for an hour or two. Occasionally I read or write and smoke the rest of the night. Sometimes also I do not go to bed at all but sit up all night reading or writing. For some years I have wished to be free from the obligation of keeping regular or fixed hours so that I might read and write as long as I felt like it and ~~sleep~~ and then sleep until I felt that I would rather get up than lie in bed. I tried this scheme out on my last voyage from Italy to the United States and it worked to my complete satisfaction. It conserves energy ^{and} promotes efficiency, contentment and happiness.

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Bathing is both a necessity and a luxury, but not always a pleasure. As a farm boy I had to wash my bare feet every night and take a bath ~~once a week~~ in the washtub once a week, and this was always something of an ordeal. Later in life when bathtubs and hot and cold water and privacy were available, bathing became a pleasurable luxury, and finally a necessity. During a certain period in early manhood, while working under a martinet in the War Department and taking evening courses at the Corcoran Scientific School and I drank black coffee^e at night to keep awake to prepare lessons for the following evening, I adopted the habit of taking a cold bath each morning to get the sleep out of me and report wide awake and alert at the office promptly at 9 a.m. I came to enjoy these cold baths and kept it up until I realized that I began to shrink from the shock, to look upon them with a feeling of dread, and to suffer from lassitude after taking them. Then I discontinued them with good results. Since then I have enjoyed daily tepid baths when the temperature of air and water were such as to feel comfortable. I love sea bathing, but usually sea water is too cold and I suffer from shock and chill and can endure it only for a few minutes.

Shaving

Since early manhood I have had to shave every morning and always feel like grumbling about it, especially when I am in a hurry. One can roll out of bed half asleep and jump into a bath or into his clothes quickly, if necessary, but even with safety razors there is no such thing as speeding up the process of shaving, especially if his beard is as stiff and his skin as tender as mine. It is a cross ^{or a curse} put upon the male half of mankind in all civilized countries. My wife protests each morning when, after shaving, I announce gleefully, "The curse is off."

Continued
E-12

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Dressing is another nuisance, the daily putting on and off of clothing, buttoning and unbuttoning, the accidental ripping and tearing, the soiling and laundering, pressing and cleaning, the loss of buttons, the twisting of suspenders, the coming off of garters, the hunting in impossible places for elusive collar buttons that vanish in thin air, all add to the daily annoyances of life. For underclothing I prefer union suits as being more comfortable and less troublesome than two piece suits, and use different weights for different seasons. *P* From childhood I have been sensitive to slight changes in temperature, especially cold. Any considerable drop in temperature causes me to shiver and to suffer physically and mentally. In fact, I am uncomfortable and suffer from shock and if the suffering is prolonged I become ill: also I am unhappy and am paralyzed for either work or play. I would prefer to die and be done with it than to suffer from cold. It was only about 25 years ago that I hit upon a rather obvious scheme of remaining comfortable and normal when the temperature falls. It is simply to put on one or more additional suits of underwear as it gets colder and shed them as it gets warmer. On various occasions when the temperature justified it I have worn as many as four suits of heavy underwear. On such occasions I have chuckled with ~~ex~~ inward glee to sit in a cold room and see big, robust, full blooded men shiver and exhibit all the signs of great physical discomfort. My system works beautifully if the low temperature continues through the day while I am away from my dressing room, but is not so satisfactory if it turns warm or if I have to enter a superheated room. However, the discomfort of being too warm is as nothing with me compared to the ~~men~~ physical and mental agony and paralysis of being too cold. *P* I prefer shirts that open and button all the way down in

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front and with detachable collars and cuffs. I can never become reconciled to shirts with cuffs attached, which soil quickly before the shirt itself is even rumpled so that it can be worn only once and then must go to the laundry to be worn out in the process of laundering the cuffs. with detachable cuffs the shirt can be worn several times, depending on circumstances. *¶* I try to have two new or nearly new business suits, one blue and one gray, for wear in public, and two similar suits somewhat more worn for home wear and outings. My outfit of dress suits, full evening, tuxedo, and morning, for wear on formal occasions lasts for many years. In fact, so little have I changed in form that I can still wear the full dress suit in which I was married thirty years ago. *¶* For footwear I like to have two pairs of lowcut shoes for summer and two high shoes for winter, a pair of patent leathers for dress occasions, slippers for the house, and heavy work shoes for the farm, together with goloshes and rubber boots. *¶* Upright collars and string ties seem to suit my style of beauty and I have never worn others with satisfaction. As for color, I prefer red for winter, blue for summer, and for formal occasions black or white.

For more than half a century I ~~Carries~~ have carried a stick or cane. This habit began with the carrying of a stout stick with which to kill snakes as a barefoot boy in Texas. Later in life I bought cheap canes at places visited and made them myself on woodland and mountain excursions, and finally bought sticks in South America and other countries as specimens of fine woods. I now have a considerable collections, each with its peculiar associations, and one made of bois d'arc in Texas when I was young has accompanied me on all my travels and is often present in my dreams. I found that in most countries outside the United States the custom of can^e carry-

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ing was almost universal among men above the laboring class. I have carried a stick so long that it seems almost a part of myself, is useful for many purposes, and is always available for defence.

Knife

A pocket knife is another essential part of my personal equipment dating from boyhood days. I have never been without one and would feel ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ greatly handicapped if I were to lose it and could not get another.

Pens.

Since the beginning of my shorthand career, about forty years ago, I have carried one or more fountain pens and lead pencils, which during that long period have been even more necessary than the cane and pocket knife.

Purse.

Also during that long period I have rarely been without a purse, a wallet, and a memorandum book.

Diary.

About forty years ago I learned the Ben Pitman system of shorthand, became a court reporter, and formed the habit of writing all private notes and memoranda in shorthand. During my official life these were rather voluminous. In 1916 I started a line-a-day book in shorthand and have kept a daily record since which has become increasingly interesting ~~xxxxxx~~ with the lapse of years. In 1919 I began making shorthand notes daily in a small loose-leaf memorandum book and filing the notes for each month in a separate envelope labeled to show the year, the month, the places or places, persons met, and important events. This has been a habit for many years with the result that I can turn to my shorthand record and find and particular date and refresh my memory as to where I was, whom I saw, and what I did on that date. In the same way I have for many years, in fact almost from boyhood, kept a daily account of cash receipts and expenditures.

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Work.

E--22

The work habit I acquired as a farm boy and it has been maintained since partly from necessity. Work, the activity and exercise involved in the mere doing of things, the satisfaction of getting things done and completed so that one is free to engage in something different, the making of progress, the concentration of mind to the exclusion of all else, including time and trouble, is one of the joys and satisfactions of life. There is joy also in the acquisition ~~of~~ and exercise of skill that comes from practice and experience, along with the feeling of power and achievement. Work alleviates sorrow, banishes melancholy, ~~annihilates~~^{annihilates} time and space, and prepares for rest and recreation, and promotes health. It is a means of livelihood, has both an individual and a social value, and creates and adds to the sum total of wealth, welfare, and happiness.

Smoking.

Smoking I began 33 years ago at the age of 28. It has been and is one of my greatest daily satisfactions. Curiously enough I enjoyed the first cigar quite as much as the one I am now smoking. The habit grew from one a week to one a day and then several times a day, but was held in check for some years by the consideration of expense. I tried to economize by smoking pipes, but pipe-smoking has never been satisfactory to me, partly because the smoke from a pipe burns my tongue, the pipe keeps going out and has to be relit many times, and it soon becomes foul, smells bad, and requires frequent cleaning. On the other hand each cigar is a fresh one and usually stays lit. For the last twenty years at least I have smoked daily from ten to thirty cigars. In fact I smoke continuously during waking hours, before, during and after meals, and in bed at night. Since acquiring the habit I have unquestionably enjoyed better health and more happiness. So far I have observed no bad

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effects other than a slackening of appetite and a feeling that at times and places my smoking may not be agreeable to others. Later on I shall have some amusing experiences to relate regarding smoking.

Reading.

I have been a voracious reader for more than half a century. Every thing is grist that comes to my mill whether it be good, bad, or indifferent. Next to the satisfaction I get from the perception of beauty is the gratification of my desire to know what other men have seen, done, thought and written about, and the mental life that is based upon and conditioned by reading. I read with almost equal avidity the lightest and heaviest literature and nonliterature, so long as it has been dignified by printing, and for the printed page I have the veneration of a Mohammedan and dislike to lose or destroy anything I have read. ¶ I have a strong feeling that anything worth reading is worth owning and keeping, but unfortunately space will not permit and at long intervals I have to dispose of quantities of magazines, papers, and government reports. ¶ Later in life my reading has been amplified to include French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. But this is too big a subject to be developed adequately in a single paragraph. ¶ I will simply add that for more than thirty years I have developed the habit of scanning of photographic reading, that is, the ability to see at a glance all that is in a paragraph or a whole page almost as fast as I can turn the pages so that after looking through a report or book in this fashion I have a fairly accurate and complete perception of the scheme of the book and what it is all about, like a bird's-eye view of a landscape. Of course, the adequacy of this method depends entirely upon the nature of the article or book and whether close logic or analytical reasoning is involved.

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The habit of observing with interest has been ^{characteristic} ~~a habit~~ since childhood and grows out of my unquenchable desire to know and my perception of beauty of form, color, harmony, and adaptation. In early life nothing within range escaped my eyes. Later in life, more especially since I have had to wear bifocal glasses, I find that my range of vision has narrowed more to a focus and many things on either side of the range of clear vision escape notice. Also as I grow older the habit of concentration has grown upon me so that I take less and less notice of things not directly connected with my task or train of thought. *P* Throughout life I have learned mainly through my eyes, which includes reading of course. Because of this characteristic in early life oral statements made but little impression--to make a clear and lasting impression things had to be seen. A single glance brought ^{instant} perception and understanding whereas an oral statement aroused all sorts of questions, objections, and speculations. Contrariwise, later in life, with the power of focussing attention ⁱⁿ and the light of ~~wide~~ long experience and wide reading I learn more from oral statements than formerly, especially if it be in the form of conversation where there can be give and take. I still have a distinct aversion to formal or public speaking and rarely listen if it can be avoided.

Thinking.

Thinking with me is an intermittent habit. By thinking I mean concentrating attention on a problem, trying to find the correct answer to a question, finding mentally ways and means to accomplish a given thing or purpose, speculating as to probable causes or reasons for a given situation or the probable outcome of a set of conditions or circumstances, or the probable action or reaction of an individual or group of men, trying to arrive at some sort of a satisfactory conclusion, logical or otherwise, from a considera-

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tion of presumed or accepted facts or premises. *P* Prolonged concentrated attention and pondering, often without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, becomes wearisome and brings on a baffled feeling of defeat and discouragement--and then sometimes, like the effort to recall a name that eludes one, the solution or answer comes unexpectedly at the most inopportune times, as when one is talking with a friend, or reading a book, or during the night, or more often in the morning following a good night's sleep. Sometimes, after a period of concentrated thinking, I awake as it were out of a deep sleep and realize that I have been utterly oblivious to all surroundings. *P* As I grow older I find that this habit of mental concentration grows on me. Many times in walking between office and home I leave one and arrive at the other without being conscious of the lapse of time or of having heard or seen anything between. Thinking is usually voluntary, but sometimes is involuntary, imperious and impelling, and not always subject to direction by the will. *P* Another peculiarity of my thinking is the bombardment of associated ideas suggested by my train of thought, a sort of flashing up to visibility ^{as} of sheet lightening, or the appearance clearly or dimly of innumerable diverging paths that allure and tempt me to exploration which I resist because they do not seem to lead in the direction I wish to go. *P* Thinking on any subject is a fascinating exercise, but also may be tantalizing if sufficient information is not at hand or if the subject is shrouded in darkness and one has a feeling of groping for light. *P* I have said that thinking is concentration of mind on an object or subject, problem or difficulty, cause or effect, or outcome of a set of conditions or circumstances; but after all, just how do I think, and

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to what extent is thinking conscious or unconscious? In my own case thinking seems to be visual or verbal, or both. I seem to see the things, objects, or persons thought about as if I were looking at them, but less tangibly than real objects and more like photographic images on the inner walls of my consciousness. *HP* Along with the mental images evoked by the effort to think there is the constant animated argument carried on by words between two or more mental personalities concerning the objects thought about and their relations, along with associated ideas, but curiously enough the words are not audible, written, or visible, and yet I am conscious of them. And among these arguing mental personalities is one which serves as a sort of chairman, arbiter, or judge, who tries to keep the others within bounds, who finally pronounces judgment or adjourns the meeting, and him I would call judgment. He presides especially over all discussions of right or wrong and seems to have a troop of imps to enforce his decrees by means of mental twinges.

Intuition.

And along with the thinking and reasoning processes and the confusion of arguments and personalities that are involved is another personality, a retiring sort of entity, silent, invisible, and elusive, like a spirit from another world, unseen and unheard, who communicates in some mysterious way and with the instantaneous quickness of light or thought impressions that cannot be ignored, and this elusive personality is intuition. It is known of all and yet I have never seen or heard a description of it. I have accounted for it on the basis of sense impressions, experience, and observations as supplying the materials which the subconscious mind evaluates and from which it works out conclusions and hands them over to the conscious mind ready made and with a suddenness that is startling and an accuracy that is uncanny. The conscious mind

is startling and an accuracy that is uncommon. The conscious mind over to the conscious mind ready made and with a suddenness that evaluates and from which it works out conclusions and hands them over for it on the basis of sense impressions, experience, and observation. I have never seen or heard a description of it. I have accounted- and this elusive personality is intuition. It is known of all and quickness of light or thought impressions that cannot be ignored, communicated in some mysterious way and with the instantaneous elusive, like a spirit from another world, unseen and unheard, who or personality, a retiring sort of entity, silent, invisible, and confusion of arguments and personalities that are involved is another. And along with the thinking and reasoning processes and the a troop of imps to enforce his decrees by means of mental twinges, especially over all discussions of right or wrong and seems to have joins the meeting, and him I would call judgment. He presides the others within bounds, who finally pronounces judgment or advises as a sort of chairman, arbiter, or judge, who tries to keep of them. And among these arguing mental personalities is one what words are not audible, written or visible, and yet I am conscious relations, along with associated ideas, but curiously enough the mental personalities concerning the objects thought about and their stant animated argument carried on by words between two or more the mental images evoked by the effort to think there is the com- graphic images on the inner walls of my consciousness. Along with at them, but less tangibly than real objects and more like photo- the things, objects, or persons thought about as if I were looking case thinking seems to be visual or verbal, or both. I seem to see to what extent is thinking conscious or unconscious? In my own

is apt to regard these gratuitous judgments of intuition with more or less suspicion and try to ignore them because their foundation or basis is not apparent, there appears to be no logical connection with anything that has gone before, and they always seem to come as the result of some very slight suggestion, and ~~in~~ their truth and accuracy can be decided only by time and future observation or developments. *P* Paying attention to what intuition tells me has become a habit, the result of checking up on former intuitive judgments. It crops up in many situations, of which I shall mention only two. On meeting a person for the first time I am conscious of two instantaneous impressions; one the visual impression of his physical appearance, his stature, clothing, features, expression of his face, his voice, his manners, and the like; the other, an equally strong intuitive impression of his personality and character. *P* This second impression is intangible, often inconsistent with the visual impression, usually quite unaccountable, and yet so often have ~~intuitional~~ impressions proved correct with me that I have formed the habit of accepting them, simply with the mental reservation that they are without foundation, need watching, and may be subject to modification. *P* Another manifestation of intuition comes in connection with situations of various kinds, the relations of different men to a situation and to each other, and the hidden motives of men in such circumstances, where nothing is clearly stated or apparent, and suddenly the solution pops up in the mind; or in case of a situation in which plausible statements are made and are nominally accepted, when through intuition the mind suddenly feels that the situation is not as represented and that the plausible statements are not true. Intuition seems to be a spontaneous reaction not founded on logic or

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reason, ~~x~~ but a sort of unconscious second sight or mental ex-ray, and it is only ^{when} after the intuitional impression has been noted and after it has been verified by lapse of time and subsequent observation that one can ~~analyze~~ analyze some of the factors involved and assign reasons for the impression.

Closely allied with intuition and the habit of heeding its impressions are two other mysterious and curious reactions, instinct and telepathy.

Instinct.

Instinct is not a habit in itself but is probably at the foundation of many habits, both physical and mental. It is not the result of observation or reason but is probably rooted in experience, personal or racial. Why, for example, the instinctive aversion ^{to} snakes, fear of darkness, or clutching at a support when looking down from a height? In all reason it should be as easy and as safe to walk a beam a hundred feet above ground as to walk the same beam on the ground itself, but in fact it is not because of instinctive reactions. In my own case I had as a child the usual aversion to snakes, but overcame it when I learned to distinguish between poisonous and nonpoisonous reptiles. I never had any fear of darkness, but always ~~expressed a preference for light~~ had a distinct aversion to obscurity and therefore greatly preferred light. During the first thirty years of my life I had little or no fear of heights and when off the ground felt quite as much at ease and as sure of myself as on the ground; but since then I discovered with something of a shock that in a tree top or on a narrow ledge or on the cornice of a house, I have an uncontrollable desire to grasp something and cling to it with my hands. Then there is the instinctive dread of muddy water, especially if it is moving

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swiftly and has in it little eddies and whirlpools that suck down bubbles and floating sticks. *P* Another instinct is our reaction to superstition and the supernatural, the belief in ghosts, haunts, and unseen demoniac ~~forces~~ voices and noises, especially in childhood. I confess I had them, but outgrew them. *P* Instincts are clearly unreasoning, unpremeditated, sudden, unconscious reactions, strongest in early life, and probably the best explanation of them is that given by anthropologists who say that they are tendencies inherited from a long line of prehistoric ancestors and that the development of an individual human duplicates or is typical of the development of the race.

Telepathy: second-sight or clairvoyance,

Telepathy, or thought transference, ^{is} quite different although related. It is more closely akin to intuition than to instinct, and its impressions become evident to conscious perception in the same mysterious and incalculable manner as those of intuition. It is not strictly a habit but brings on the habit of noting its occurrences and heeding them. *P* With me telepathy is manifest mainly in three different forms: First, when with a companion, in conversation or silent, suddenly a name, incident, face, place, thought, phrase, or statement, having no relation to anything that has been said or that has gone before, sometimes wholly incongruous with what has preceded, suddenly appears and runs through or pesters the mind. Then a chance word or look of one or the other of us shows that precisely the same name, thought, or phrase, was in the mind of the other. *P* Again, while reading, writing, walking, or otherwise occupied, I suddenly think of some one, some one whom I may not have seen, heard or thought of for many months or years, and his face rises up before me and persists. Usually I meet the man face to face within 24 hours, more often within a few hours

man face to face within 24 hours, more often within a few hours and his face rises up before me and persists. Usually I meet the or otherwise occupied, I suddenly think of some one, some one whom I may not have seen, heard or thought of for many months or years, the mind of the other. Again, while reading, writing, walking, us shows that precisely the same name, thought, or phrase, was in ters the mind. Then a chance word or look of one or the other of with what has preceded, suddenly appears and runs through or passes been said or that has come before, sometimes wholly incongruous thought, phrase, or statement, having no relation to anything that in conversation or silent, suddenly a name, incident, face, place, mainly in three different forms: First, when with a companion, ing its occurrence and hearing them. With me telepathy is manifest tion. It is not strictly a habit but brings on the habit of not- in the same mysterious and incalculable manner as those of intuition, and its impressions become evident to conscious perception though related. It is more closely akin to intuition than to telepathy, or thought transference, is quite different al- development of the race. *Telepathy* *second-sight or clairvoyance* development of an individual human duplicates or is typical of the inherited from a long line of prehistoric ancestors and that the is that given by anthropologists who say that they are tendencies strongest in early life, and probably the best explanation of them clearly unreasoning, unpremeditated, sudden, unconscious reactions. hood. I confess I had them, but outgrew them. *Instincts* are and unseen demonic ~~xxxxx~~ voices and noises, especially in child- superstition and the supernatural, the belief in ghosts, haunts, bubbles and floating sticks. Another instinct is our reaction to swiftly and has in it little eddies and whirlpools that suck down

or minutes. If the image is especially clear, strong and persistent the meeting usually occurs within a few minutes, and more often than not on the street. ¶ A third class of cases is where I have been in communication with some one, such as writing a letter or placing an order and am expecting a reply but ^{it} is delayed beyond a reasonable time. I am annoyed at the delay but am patient until suddenly the thought of the unreasonable delay takes possession of me and I proceed to write a second time. Many, many times while writing such a second letter, or sealing it, or preparing to post it the ~~long~~ looked for reply or package has been brought to me. So often has it happened that when the thought of a delayed reply becomes sufficiently strong I have formed the habit of not writing a follow-up reminder because it means to me that the reply is imminent.

¶ In fact it happened while I was drafting this paragraph. I paused to think of a suggestion I had sent to the International Institute of Agriculture three months previously that it would be well to call upon all governments to supply certain data in connection with their censuses, and while thinking of this suggestion and wondering what the Institute had done about it a communication from the Institute to the Secretary of Agriculture embodying the suggestion was handed to me. ¶ When it first began to happen I explained the occurrence on the ground that I was expecting a reply about that time and that the appearance of the reply while I was thinking about it was a mere coincidence that might reasonably be expected. But the frequent recurrence of this experience makes the coincidence theory somewhat unsatisfactory. Sixth Sense

7 I have had another set of experiences that is more in the nature of a sixth sense than of instinct or telepathy, and that is the feeling of proximity of a noxious insect or poisonous reptile

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Smith Jones

I have had another set of experiences that is more in the nature of a sixth sense than of instinct or telepathy, and that is the feeling of proximity of a noxious insect or poisonous reptile

without any sensible indication of its presence. Many times in the country without warning or reason of any kind I have suddenly stopped in my tracks or stayed my hand or changed my position and on looking have discovered a snake, a centiped, a tarantula, or a nest of scorpions or hornets. Once, when following a reaper that dropped the grain in ~~bundles~~ bunches I was one of four that followed to tie and throw the bunches aside for shocking. We had to work fast to clear the way for the next round of the reaper. Several times during the day instead of picking up the grain as quickly as possible I paused without reason, gave the bunch a kick with my foot, and each time a snake wriggled out from under it. Such exceptional procedure could not have been the result of observation, certainly not of reason, and one could hardly call it intuition, telepathy or instinct, and yet the feeling was sufficiently strong and instantaneous as to cause me to break a hurried routine. This was simply one of innumerable instances.

Prevision.

7 Another set of coincidences is on the border line of prevision. As chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates I was frequently called upon to furnish estimates and statistics on short notice concerning matters outside of the regular routine, especially during the war period. Many times I experienced an impulse sufficiently strong to cause me to compile new data or arrange old data in new combinations without any apparent need, and often went so far as to prepare written statements summarizing and interpreting the material, and then within twentyfour hours receive an urgent call for this very material which was available nowhere else.

Somewhat similar is the expression of judgment or opinion without definite data or previous consideration only to have that opinion verified within a short time. It happened the day this was written.

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HP Recently I returned to Washington after an absence of seven years from the U.S. during which time I had lost touch with the agricultural situation in the United States. Recently also an agronomist asked my opinion of the future role of pasture, hay, and forage grasses in the United States, a question which I had not previously considered. As a purely intuitional reaction, without facts and without reasoning, I replied that a large percentage of the land previously in cultivation was marginal, that is, too poor to make a fair return on investment and labor for cultivated crops and that much more land that in the past had yielded a fair return would cease to be profitable in future, and that the increasing efficiency in crop and livestock production that would result from the increasing use of power machinery, and the consolidation under technical management of smaller units in areas suitable for mechanization, would inevitably make the growing of grass and forest crops the best use of marginal and submarginal lands in future and no doubt future development would be in that direction. Today I picked up an outlook ^o~~k~~ report that was the result of the combined judgment of a group of agricultural experts from the Department of Agriculture and State agricultural colleges and in it I saw almost precisely the same statement, namely, that marginal lands will be withdrawn from cultivation and put into grass and forest. *HP* I have no doubt that throughout the civilized world intelligent men read and hear pretty much the same statements and reason about the same set of facts so that there is a sort of universal atmosphere of thought and a nexus, web, or network of invisible channels of communication, which causes many different men in many different situations to react in much the same way, to have pretty much the

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same thoughts and conclusions, and the men who express well their thoughts in written or spoken language are recognized as leaders simply because they express the thoughts of others. I have no doubt that most men have the same kind of intuitions and premonitions that I have described and that those who heed their unreasoned flashes of insight and strong^g impulses are more successful than those who disregard them, for which reason we speak of men ~~who have~~ as having an instinct for politics, for business, and so on.

Dreaming.

The habit of dreaming has been always well developed with me both by night and by day. Both kinds are exceedingly interesting, often delightful, rarely somber, but unsatisfactory because so insubstantial and inconclusive.

Day Dreams.

Day dreams are a world or a life in themselves, superior in many respects to our ordinary everyday, bread and butter life, because one has visions of beauty and hears melodies that surpass anything on land or sea or the sky above. Dream lives are ideally successful and happy, our dream contacts and contests with others always demonstrate our superiority, our dream conversations are always brilliant and scintillating with wit and repartee, and our drama dreams always end in applause. Yes, one of the compensations in life is this fairyland of dreams where we can all build beautiful castles in Spain to suit our fancy, where the skies are always blue, the sun is always shining, the flowers always bloom and fill the soft air with perfume. the birds always sing, men are manly and women are angelic and beautiful. In my own day dreaming what wonderful voyages of discovery I have made, what wonderful inventions and scientific discoveries, what wonderful books I have written. What greater gift can man have than imaginatibn, unfettered

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and unbound, with all the universe for a playground, free from all physical limitations, cares, or responsibilities. To me imagination in the form of daydreaming has been an inexhaustible source of pleasure which I would not exchange for all the wealth of the world.

Just what is daydreaming? With me it is a series of sights and sounds, of pictures, of visions, in which all that I have seen or heard or imagined are idealized and in them the various personalities of my mind are free to frolic and find expression. It is a kind of relaxation or recreation following the more or less stern discipline of concentrated thought that we call logic or reasoning. Unquestionably day dreams are projections and combinations of the elements of our knowledge and experience amplified by imagination, often suggested by our wants and wishes, usually more or less under the control of reason, at least to the extent that the succession of events and visions must show a logical sequence. ¶ Day dreams are both voluntary and involuntary. When the mind is free, and sometimes when it is not free, day dreaming begins automatically and to stop it requires an effort of the will or a shock of some kind to pull down the curtain. ¶ The boundary between logical reasoning, thinking, and day dreaming is not very clear, because more often than not one state of mind imperceptibly shades into the other. However, day dreaming is banished by physical pain or anything that focuses the mind on a specific subject, or that requires a conscious effort of the will. ¶ Routine work that has become habitual and automatic does not interfere with day dreaming, and perhaps that is why so many routine workers are contented with unimportant and monotonous tasks. This is true not only of purely mechanical tasks but also of routine mental work, the body or mind continues

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to function as in breathing and the part of the mind that is not actively engaged begins to play at day dreaming.

7 Night ^{or sleep} dreams are distinguished from day dreams by the fact that they are wholly involuntary, subject in no way to the will, are neither logical nor consistent, and seem to depend to some extent upon physical condition, surroundings, and suggestions received during waking hours. They range all the way from vague mental impressions that cannot be remembered clearly on awaking to deep, vivid, lasting impressions that become a part of the mental life and experience of the dreamer. ^{Among} the night dreams that have entered into my mental life are several, such as dreams of surpassingly beautiful landscapes, of stately trees and lovely flowers with friendly faces waving and nodding and beckoning to me in the breeze: of fairies, birds and insects that talked and made music: of the wonderful sensation of flying, of flitting from place to place at will, the height and speed being controlled by clenching of hands: of assuming a ghostly and ethereal form that permitted me to pass freely through solid walls of masonry; of visiting repeatedly an old house, garden, and orchard inclosed by a brick wall, every detail of which I recognized as being thoroughly familiar and as having been seen by me many times before: of meeting people and seeing faces, some of whom I recognized as friends, acquaintances, relatives, or people I had met or seen, and others whom I recognized as friends, but not of this life: especially the dream in which I so clearly saw my first wife, six months after she had passed out from a wasting disease, as she appeared in full health, smiling face, a roguish look in her eyes, and a wave of the hand as if she were challenging me to follow, tripping lightly up a great stair-

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way and disappear^{ing} around a curve; and the oft-repeated dream of finding myself in a strange place with my beloved horse, Duke (a beautiful, highly intelligent and affectionate horse who would obey my slightest word or motion). Curiously enough the horse dream was one of the rare dreams that were unpleasant: usually Duke and I found ourselves in a tight place, either at the top of a narrow, knife-like ~~ridge~~ ridge, or ledge over a precipice, or the side of a steeply sloping hill, or at the bottom of a deep ravine, where neither horse nor human had any business to be; but always there was a feeling of perfect understanding between the horse and me, a sympathy and confidence that made it possible for us to take great risks and extricate ourselves from apparently impossible situations.

A frequent dream in recent years involves the loss of my favorite walking stick, the inanimate personal and intimate companion that has accompanied me during the last forty years in all my travels, that has visited with me all the great cities of the world, that has had all sorts of adventures and explored all sorts of ~~at~~ strange nooks and corners, that has killed several snakes, that most of time was in my right hand as an extension of my right arm, and always ready for defence or offence in case of need. In each of the dreams about it I would suddenly miss it, remember where I had it last, and my efforts to recover it would be full of trouble and extremely ludicrous--material for a story if I had but the time to tell it.

Also I have had many dreams of finding treasure and money, and occasionally pleasant dreams of encountering attractive young women of more amiable dispositions than any I have met in real life. Singularly enough I cannot remember to have dreams of food or drink.

way and disappeared ⁱⁿ around a curve; and the oft-repeated dream of finding myself in a strange place with my beloved horse, Duke (a beautiful, highly intelligent and affectionate horse who would obey my slightest word or motion). Curiously enough the horse dream was one of the rare dreams that were unpleasant: usually Duke and I found ourselves in a tight place, either at the top of a narrow, knife-like ~~knife-like~~ ridge, or ledge over a precipice, or the side of a steeply sloping hill, or at the bottom of a deep ravine, where neither horse nor human had any business to be: but always there was a feeling of perfect understanding between the horse and me, a sympathy and confidence that made it possible for us to take great risks and extricate ourselves from apparently impossible situations.

A frequent dream in recent years involves the loss of my favorite walking stick, the intimate personal and intimate companion that has accompanied me during the last forty years in all my travels, that has visited with me all the great cities of the world, that has had all sorts of adventures and explored all sorts of strange nooks and corners, that has killed several snakes, that most of time was in my right hand as an extension of my right arm, and always ready for defense or offense in case of need. In each of the dreams about it I would suddenly miss it, remember where I had it last, and my efforts to recover it would be full of trouble and extremely ludicrous--material for a story if I had but the time to tell it.

Also I have had many dreams of finding treasure and money, and occasionally pleasant dreams of encountering attractive young women of more amiable dispositions than any I have met in real life. Singularly enough I cannot remember to have dreams of food or drink.

A curious phase of my flying and ghost dreams was the intense satisfaction I got from seeing the astonishment depicted on the faces of the people before whom I appeared, and I took great glee in appearing and disappearing before people for that purpose.

Another curious thing about dreams is that everybody has them, even dogs and cats, but we hesitate to speak of them, especially fanciful ^a day dreams--except writers and promoters who cash in on them; and as for night dreams that are so extremely interesting to the dreamer, the moment he begins to describe one his audience yawns and becomes restless. The whole subject of dreams is a fascinating one, but I have said enough to indicate my dreaming habits.

Imagining.

Akin to day dreams is the habit of giving rein to the imagination, either constructively as in imagining a scheme of organization, or ideally, as in seeing faces in flowers, heads and grotesque animals in cumulus clouds, visions beyond the pearly gates in gorgeous sunsets, and the peopling of woodlands, glens, and meadows with elves, fairies, nymphs and gnomes.

Another mental habit in which imagination plays a part is that of placing myself in the situation of another and trying to see things from his point of view. This is a very salutary exercise, develops sympathy, understanding and tolerance, and throws much light on the behavior of others. It is extremely useful in dealing with men and situations in which other men are involved.

Exploring

Observing, thinking and dreaming suggests another mental habit, that of exploring, inspecting, and experimenting. to satisfy an ever present desire to see what things are and how they act and react, which impels me to explore or examine anything that is new or obscure and to view things from different points of van-

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tage, to try new combinations to see what the result will be, and to look for likenesses and differences and to make comparisons. Among the joys of life I can imagine none greater than that of the geographical, botanical, or archaeological explorer who discovers something new or different, but it is given to but few to gratify that longing.

Collecting.

7 Collecting is another habit, or rather tendency because it has been restricted by lack of means, time and space. At various times I realized that I was accumulating a collection of beetles and butterflies, of stinging insects, snake skins, horns, pebbles, minerals, dried flowers, leaves, seeds, samples of wood, walking sticks, books, maps, pictures, coins, and what not. I am thankful I resisted the temptation to collect postage stamps, porcelain, time pieces, or firearms. *P* Obviously there are time, space, and financial limitations to collecting and it is of doubtful utility except as it contributes to the satisfaction of the collector and to the systematic accumulations of museums, libraries, and art galleries. *P* One manifestation of the collecting habit with me was in making lists of the ~~NAME~~ surnames of people that are common nouns, such as apple, needle, squash, steeple, and the like. However, this list grew so rapidly and so large that I concluded that all names of things were also names of people. *P* Similarly I started a list of adjectives and the different nouns with which they were used, but this soon grew out of all bounds and had to be abandoned. However this list was interesting in itself and gave me a command of language which otherwise I might not have acquired.

Walking.

7 Walking is one of my physical habits that has contributed much to my health and wellbeing. No better exercise has been

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invented. Nor has any better way been found to explore or view a limited area. It was especially useful to me in foreign cities where I did not know the language of the people and could not read the signs on street cars, as in Moscow, Athens, Constantinople, Tokio, Addis Ababa, Tananarivo, and other outlandish places. In such situations it was much more convenient and less expensive to walk about in all sorts of places, explore out-of-the-way streets and quarters from end to end, footloose and free, with a stout walking stick for protection and a camera for permanent records, than to employ an interpreter and a conveyance and be shown a few of the better streets and larger public buildings. ¶ In the country, especially rough country, nothing quite equals walking. The next best method of locomotion for the purpose of seeing things and for exploration is horseback or carriage. Of the two horseback is best because the horse is intelligent and looks out for himself. The carriage is next best because it is slow enough to permit seeing things leisurely. Automobiles and trains are good for covering long distances quickly, but they travel too fast to enable one to see more than the larger things, such as landscapes, mountains, lakes, rivers, streets, public buildings and monuments. If any one doubts this statement, let him try to identify a flower or a bird from a rapidly moving train or automobile. ¶ In recent years in most cities of the world automobiles, tramcars, crowds and hard pavements detract from the pleasure of walking, and often the main country roads are monopolized by automobiles. The ideal place for walking is on dirt roads and paths off the main highways, such as one finds in the mountains and woods. When automobiles shall have become as numerous in all countries as they now are in America, walking and

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> Horseback Riding ^{my} Horseback riding was a habit in ^{my} boyhood and youth when horses were available but was necessarily given up when I came to the city. Horseback riding is also one of the finest exercises and pleasures of life. This is partly due to the motion of the horse, his speed and endurance, the height of the rider from the ground and the dominating sense of power that the rider feels, appreciation of the horse's intelligence and obedience, the sense of companionship with a horse that one knows, the feeling that the horse and rider are one, the fact that the horse can pick his own way and does not require the undivided attention of the rider, the fact that horse and rider share in the same sensations of heat, cold, difficulties of the road, pleasure in motion, exhilaration, fatigue, the mutual understanding and confidence that each has in the other, and the love and affection that develops between them. It is a pity that machines have only speed and endurance and lack spirit and intelligence, feelings and emotions, and that with the coming of the automobile and airplane the horse is passing ~~except on farms~~ from human life except on farms that cannot use tractors exclusively. ^{HP} In my youth in Texas every man and nearly every boy had one or more horses and was so accustomed to riding that walking even for short distances seemed slow, clumsy and awkward. It was only after I went to the city that I gave up horseback riding and acquired the habit of walking. Then came the bicycle craze to which I finally succumbed, and for a time locomotion by bicycle was substituted for walking. Next came the automobile to crowd the bicycles off the city streets and country roads. For several years while the auto-

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mobile was perfecting and becoming more dependable and prices were beyond my means, I resumed my walking habit. When I finally became the proud owner of a car, walking ^{was} ~~wa~~ again suspended except in the mountains and rough country. Finally, in recent years of much travel walking was again resumed in an intermittent ~~maner~~ way. One of my few regrets is that the good old days of youth and horseback riding are gone from me forevermore.

Talking is another lifelong habit which I share with others. It is probably a manifestation of the fundamental urge for expression. It began with earliest consciousness and has continued through life, the impulse to talk and the satisfaction derived from talking varying with mood, time and circumstance. Talking usually implies a listener but in my case not always, because sometimes when alone I ~~am~~ think aloud and am surprised to hear myself talking, although usually it is only an exclamation or outburst of a few sentences. Talking serves primarily to express or communicate ideas, but it also serves to relieve the mind of the talker, promotes mutual understanding and fellowship, gives pleasure, or stirs up animosity. The effect of talking depends not only upon the attractiveness and sequence of ideas to be expressed, but also upon the form of expression, choice and appropriateness of words, tone, pitch, volume and quality of voice, whether it is agreeable and melodious like a musical instrument, or strident, rasping, or rumbling, like the filing of a saw or the bumping of wagon wheels. *P* Talking in the form of conversation depends upon both the speaker and the listener, one reacting instantly upon the other, mutual interest stimulating the flow and expression of ideas. In my own case I have always been shy of opening a conversation with strangers or of carrying on a conversation with persons whose manner or expression is displeas-

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ing or offensive. If a conversation between others in my hearing is at all interesting I prefer to remain silent and listen. With members of the family and friends it is a pleasure to talk regardless of the subject matter. It is also a pleasure to talk with a stranger who by his expression or questioning shows that he is interested in what I am saying, but the ^{slightest} ~~slight~~ indication of lack of interest instantly dissipates all desire on my part to continue the conversation. *PP* Anything in the nature of a monologue or the monopolization of conversation I detest. To say the least a monologist lacks consideration for others and is impolite. But ~~xxx~~ a worse offender is the person who repeatedly interrupts the half-finished statements of others, which is downright rudeness equivalent to elbowing a pedestrian off the sidewalk. A monologue is the next thing to a public speech but with this difference that without notice or preparation the monologist proceeds to monopolize the time and attention of others and deprive them of the opportunity of participating in the exchange of ideas, whereas public speaking implies preparation and an audience forewarned and prepared to listen, presumably to something worth hearing, with full opportunity to stay away without being impolite. Occasionally I have caught myself indulging in a monologue, but always it came as the result of a show of interest and encouragement by continued questioning.

7 Public Speaking.
Public speaking can hardly be called a habit, and yet it approaches one if sufficiently frequent. My experience in public speaking is perhaps not unlike that of others, with the exception that I have never particularly distinguished myself. As a youth the mere thought of having to stand up and address others was simply paralyzing. As a child in an elementary school the Friday afternoon exercise of reciting pieces was to me a sickening horror.

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The period of youth was spent away from cities and schools and a solitary life of seclusion and lack of human companionship and social intercourse aggravated the diffidence of a naturally retiring disposition. Then at the age of nineteen came the ordeal of facing a schoolroom full of children, and sometimes their parents, as teacher. Nothing but a sense of contract responsibility, fear of failure and consequent ridicule and chagrin enabled me to nerve myself up to the point of facing this roomfull of pupils and taking the lead and directing the necessary routine of school life. Even then I doubt if I could have done this had it not been for the feeling that I knew more than any or all of them combined, not only of text books but of every detail of farm life. This feeling was greatly reinforced by the confidence that I could lick any one or all of the farm boys in attendance, even though some of them were older and bigger than I was; and because of my agony of mind and the resulting physical discomfort involved in standing up before them I almost prayed that one of the larger boys or young men would start something that would give me an opportunity to work off some of my misery and create a diversion. However, the fact that I really did know more than they did, plus my desperate determination to succeed though the heavens fell, carried me through to a brilliant success. I have reason to believe that my short regime as schoolteacher in a country community is remembered by some of my pupils to this day. ^P In the years that followed I gained self-confidence. As a shorthand reporter I heard and observed a great variety of speakers on many different subjects in many different environments and noted their strength and weakness. In course of time I was elevated to an administrative position in the public service over a large force of employes where it was sometimes nec-

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essary to address them in general assembly, and to address various committee meetings, in all of which I was sustained by a sense of public duty. This I found was comparatively easy because the people addressed were employes or colleagues whom I knew and who were under official obligation to listen to what I had to say. Also I usually had something very definite to say. ^P As an incident to public service I ^{was} ~~was~~ frequently called upon to address meetings of various kinds in different parts of the country, nearly always about some phase of the branch of public service I represented. ~~He~~ Here again I was sustained by a sense of official responsibility and the feeling that I knew more about my ^u ~~s~~ubject than any of my listeners. ^P In appearing before a strange audience I always ^{had} ~~have~~ a sinking feeling in the region of my stomach before the performance ^{gan} ~~gins~~. Usually this ^{was} ~~is~~ followed by extreme nervousness, dryness of the vocal organs, difficulty in articulation, greatly accelerated beating of the heart, mental distress, and a lurking horror in the back of my mind lest the flow of thought and speech ^{might} ~~will~~ suddenly cease and my mind ~~will~~ become a perfect blank. Usually the moment I face an audience all these symptoms disappear and I experience a sense of great relief and exhilaration on realizing that my mind is abnormally clear and alert, and my only apprehension is the possibility that the time allotted will be too short to say what I want to say and feel that I must say. ^P As to preparation I ~~x~~ always write out in advance in logical systematic form what I wish to say. I read it over from time to time and get it well in mind, but never attempt to memorize it verbatim. I always take a copy along in my pocket as a sort of sheet anchor, with the feeling that if I get

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stuck I can as a last resort pull out the manuscript and read-- but I never do. In my shorthand reporting days I had observed that no matter how illogical and incoherent a speaker was, if he was selfpossessed and looked his audience squarely in the face and was responsive to what he saw in the composite mind of his audience, he would succeed in holding their interest and attention; but the poor wretch who read what he had to say, who was such a slave to his manuscript that he could not take his eyes from it, was usually accounted an uninteresting and tiresome speaker. On the other hand the manuscript of the reader will always appear well in print because it is usually logical and grammatical, whereas an oral address of an extemporaneous speaker will rarely stand the test of printing verbatim unless the speaker has had years of practice in thinking and speaking before large audiences. As a general rule lawyers, politicians, and itinerant preachers, especially Methodist preachers, are most effective speakers. The practice of reading from manuscript in this country is confined mostly to city preachers and college professors whose audiences can neither escape nor openly criticise or answer back. In foreign countries, especially in Latin countries, the practice of reading addresses from manuscript is almost universal.

Listening

7 For every speaker there is usually one or more listeners. The ^{re}verse of speaking is listening. To be a good listener requires as much intelligence and far more patience and selfrestraint than is necessary for a speaker. In my own case I prefer to be a listener in any large group or meeting where I can have the feeling of no responsibility, and the impulse to speak comes only from a desire to correct an erroneous statement or combat a mischievous statement. In a small group or with one companion I can listen

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with interest and patience a reasonable length of time, but sooner or later the impulse to participate becomes strong. As a listener I have noted a habit which I have tried to check or guard against, and that is to carry on a train of thought wholly independent of and disconnected with anything that is being said, and yet hearing all that is said; also my eyes rove and take note of anything that is interesting or diverting within the range of vision, such as the expression on the faces of others, the shifting of a slanting ray of sunlight through a crack, the frantic flutterings of a bee, bird, or butterfly in the windows or shadows, the erratic course of a cricket or cockroach on the floor, or anything equally trivial. Apparently I am doing three things at once, listening automatically to everything the speaker says, carrying on an independent train of thought, and at the same time observing what is occurring within the range of vision. I suspect that this state of mind often gives me the appearance of not paying attention and, if so, is both discouraging and disconcerting to the speaker; but it is a habit of mind that is very difficult to overcome.

Singing is a form of talking, musical^a in character when not discordant, the impulse to sing coming from emotional feeling. It has never become a habit with me partly because I cannot remember the words and partly because I do not like to hear the sound of my untrained and unmusical voice. I greatly enjoy the singing of others, especially if it is melodious and expressive of feeling, and more especially if it is lively and cheerful. ^{TP} However, 7 I do ^a have the habit of Humming! humming softly to myself when alone and in motion, as when walking or riding in an automobile, working in the garden or using tools of any kind. It comes involuntarily as a low, scarcely audible humming of some air or tune that persists in

with interest and patience a reasonable length of time, but sooner or later the impulse to participate becomes strong. As a listener I have noted a habit which I have tried to check or guard against, and that is to carry on a train of thought wholly independent of and disconnected with anything that is being said, and yet hearing all that is said; also my eyes rove and take note of anything that is interesting or diverting within the range of vision, such as the expression on the faces of others, the shifting of a slanting ray of sunlight through a crack, the frantic flutterings of a bee, bird, or butterfly in the windows or shadows, the erratic course of a cricket or cockroach on the floor, or anything equally trivial. Apparently I am doing three things at once, listening automatically to everything the speaker says, carrying on an independent train of thought, and at the same time observing what is occurring within the range of vision. I suspect that this state of mind often gives me the appearance of not paying attention and, if so, is both discouraging and disconcerting to the speaker: but it is a habit of mind that is very difficult to overcome.

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to express a critical judgment or opinion still remains and is spontaneous but is more or less restrained by knowledge of my own and others' limitations and by recollection of the many times I have been mistaken and unjust, and the feeling of consideration for others, fear of unnecessarily hurting their feelings, and a desire to ~~be temperant~~ avoid intolerance.

Complaining.

7 Akin to criticism, almost another form of criticism, is the habit of complaining. I inherited a tendency to complain, not *so much* openly ^{as} ~~but~~ mentally, but have kept it in check because of my feeling that all complaining is futile and does more harm than good, and partly because I have had so few real causes of complaint, and mainly because I am temperamentally an optimist. The nearest approach to the complaining habit with me is the expression of my dissatisfaction with disagreeable weather conditions, such as extremes of heat or cold, prolonged drouth or rain, and especially a succession of days and nights with fog, drizzle, sleet, slush, and other unpleasant conditions. In spite of the utter futility of complaining about the weather I get a certain amount of satisfaction in railing at it and thinking how much better an intelligent child could regulate the weather if it had half a chance. I agree with what Mark Twain said on the subject but will refrain from quoting him.

Swearing.

7 Another form of expression to relieve nervous tension and restore mental equilibrium is that of swearing. Bad form, I know, and offensive to some benighted souls, but nevertheless I indulge in it. The history of this habit with me is interesting--to me at least. I learned it from my father. His father was captain and lord high admiral of a canal boat and probably knew how to swear. My father grew up in a haphazard way. At the mature age of thirteen

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the mind and that does not interfere with the train of thought or day dream, but rather seems to be conducive to the thinking state of mind and physical or mechanical motion. When humming I note that I am busy mentally and physically and in a cheerful state of mind. It seems perfectly natural and harmless when one is alone, but let another person approach and the humming instantly ceases leaving a sense of foolishness and chagrin such as one feels when he has been overheard talking to himself. In relation to thinking or daydreaming humming is like ~~xx~~ a musical accompaniment to dancing, it stimulates by its urge and regulates by its rythm.

whistling

7 Akin to humming is the habit of whistling, always when alone, always involuntary, and nearly always as the accompaniment of a cheerful mood, outlook, or train of thought; and while the airs whistled are usually in minor key they are of quick lively tempo. I confess I like to hear boys and men whistling at their work, just as I like to hear the cheerful notes of robins, meadowlarks, mocking birds, and street pianos. Such sounds are as cheering to the ear and heart as sunshine is to the eye or a bright light in a somber room.

Music

7 Like the humming and whistling of simple airs and familiar bars of music I have the habit of picking them out on musical instruments. Unfortunately I never had the time or opportunity to take music lessons or practice and do not know a single note by sight or name. I am exceedingly sensitive and responsive to musical sounds, delighted with sweetness and purity of tone and harmony, and infuriated by harsh sounds or discordant combinations. As a boy I experimented^d with the jewsharp and mouth organ and as a young man with the flageolet and flute. Late in life I came into possession of an ancient piano which affords me considerable satis-

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faction to sit down to it and play softly all the airs I can hum or whistle or improvise little harmonies of my own. To me music is almost as much a necessity as food, drink, and physical exercise or the contemplation of beautiful objects. ~~7~~ For this reason I consider the phonograph and the radio among the greatest boons of modern times, because with them one can gratify his desire for music at any time of the day or night. Unfortunately the percentage of good music that comes over the radio is relatively small and the discordant noises that infuriate relatively large. While the quality of music from the phonograph is inferior to much that comes by radio and greatly inferior to the original vocal and instrumental music that is recorded on it, it nevertheless has the distinct advantage of complete control so that one may listen only to his favorite records.

Dancing.

> The dancing habit I never acquired, unfortunately. Diffidence ^{were} and lack of time and opportunity ~~was~~ responsible for this regrettable shortcoming, because I have always wanted to dance and envied those who could. Lively music sets my nerves to tingling and I have a strong desire to waltz and keep time to the music. Dancing is the visible and appropriate accompaniment of music, its harmonic grace of movement corresponding with the harmonious and stimulating succession of musical sounds and rhythm.

It confers grace, ease, and self-possession on the dancer and promotes social intercourse between the sexes. Spontaneous dancing

→ Criticising is a habit that I have partially outgrown as a result of broader knowledge, and the sympathetic insight and understanding that comes from another habit I have mentioned, that of trying to put myself in the other person's place and imagining what I would probably have done in the same circumstances. The impulse

Criticising.

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Criticizing.

and I did so effectively when the occasion seemed to demand it. he ran away from home and became a cabin boy on a lake steamer. With the usual inconsistency of fathers he tried to discourage the. A year later he misrepresented his age and enlisted in the U.S. Navy. Of course I knew that profanity was frowned upon by so-called respectable people, especially by preachers and other professing virtuosos, and as I grew older I tried earnestly to break myself of the habit. I partially succeeded by substituting for the associated with him on a small farm in northeast Texas. Father had had no previous experience in farming, or in managing horses, cows, pigs, chickens, or ducks (all notorious for contrariness, obstinacy, and devilment). Probably more things can happen on a farm to try the patience and temper of man than in any other calling. Nowhere else do animate and inanimate objects take such fiendish delight in teasing, tricking, opposing, and obstructing man in his efforts to wrest a living from nature. When ~~in~~ driving the old mare ^{she} would dextrously flirt her tail over the reins and clamp down on them, or when plowing in turning corners she would step quickly outside the traces and turn wrong end to and face father with a malignant expression, father would not hesitate to say out loud what he thought of her and her ancestors to the remotest degree and say it in the language of a sailor. So too, when the plow point struck a stone or hidden stump or snag and stopped with a sudden jerk and the handle struck him a sharp blow in the solar plexus, or when trash collected under the beam, raising the plow out of the ground this reversion to early impressions. Fortunately puritanism is no longer dominant in this country and society now tolerates such behavior as a necessary part of life. When milking the cow kicked the bucket over, or put her dirty foot in it, or swiped him across the face with a switch of her manure-covered tail, his feelings would find ready and eloquent expression. Naturally I acquired something of his rich vocabulary

he ran away from home and became a cabin boy on a lake steamer. A year later he misrepresented his age and enlisted in the U.S. Navy and served through the last year of the Civil War. During this period he acquired a choice, flexible and very comprehensive vocabulary of swear words. Later, as his son, I was closely associated with him on a small farm in northeast Texas. Father had had no previous experience in farming, or in managing horses, cows, pigs, chickens, or ducks (all notorious for contrariness, obstinacy, and devilment). Probably more things can happen on a farm to try the patience and temper of man than in any other calling. Nowhere else do animate and inanimate objects take such friendly delight in teasing, tricking, opposing, and obstructing man in his efforts to wrest a living from nature. When ~~is~~ driving the old mare would dextrously lift her tail over the reins and clamp down on them, or when plowing in turning corners she would step quickly outside the traces and turn wrong end to end face father with a malignant expression, father would not hesitate to say out loud what he thought of her and her ancestors to the remotest degree and say it in the language of a sailor. So too, when the plow point struck a stone or hidden stump or snag and stopped with a sudden jerk and the handle struck him a sharp blow in the solar plexus, or when trash collected under the beam, raising the plow out of the ground and the horses would lunge forward several yards before they could be stopped and he would have to drag the heavy plow and team back by main strength and awkwardness, he would again make the air lurid or when milking the cow kicked the bucket over, or put her dirty foot in it, or swiped him across the face with a switch of her mare-covered tail, his feelings would find ready and eloquent expression. Naturally I acquired something of his rich vocabulary

and used it effectively when the occasion seemed to demand it. With the usual inconsistency of fathers he tried to discourage the habit. Of course I knew that profanity was frowned upon by so-called respectable people, especially by preachers and other professing puritans, and as I grew older I tried earnestly to break myself of the habit. I partially succeeded by substituting for the condemned words others less offensive, such as "Dad gum it," "Ding dang it," "Darn it," "Bless it," "God bless my soul," and so on, but I confess I never found any substitute quite as satisfactory as those that came to us from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. *¶* Then came my schoolteaching experience. I had such lofty ideals as to the vital and spiritual importance of exemplary conduct and speech of the teacher and their influence on the plastic minds and characters of his pupils and such a vivid realization of the dire consequences that would follow if any pupil heard me utter a swear word, that I completely broke the habit. Then for a quarter of a century of public employment it required scarcely any effort to refrain from swearing because of smooth routine and pleasant surroundings and associations. *¶* Curiously enough, after this long period of quiescence, the old habit has reappeared. More and more frequently during the last five years I am astonished at the way swear words pop out regardless of time, place, or surrounding company. Perhaps this recrudescence of a boyhood habit is a sign of advancing age and a reversion to early impressions. *¶* Fortunately puritanism is no longer dominant in this country and society now tolerates certain good old Anglo-Saxon words that formerly were considered quite shocking. Not long ago I read with great glee in Shaw's "Joan d'Arc" a statement to the effect that the English were known in France of that period as the "God damners," which is good evidence that these

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old English words were sanctioned by good usage and ancient and honorable custom.

Chuckling.

Another of my habits is that of chuckling inaudibly to myself and of recent years more often out loud. In spite of my inherited rather solemn and puritanical aspect, so much so that on various occasions I have been taken for a preacher, my sense of humor is so keen that I greatly relish anything I see, or read, or hear that has a streak of humor in it. When I encounter these bright spots I usually chuckle inwardly at them. In recent years this sense of humorous delight more and more finds expression in an audible chuckle. In my voyages I read many books and when anything tickled my fancy there would be a pause to roll the sweet morsel around so that I could get the full flavor of it, and then the chuckle. This would attract the smiling interest and attention of my neighbors and there would be a subsequent run on the library ~~to~~ for that particular book to see what the American found in it so amusing. For example: Reading in a dry-as-dust history of Argentina, in Spanish, I came across a copy of the contract between the King of Spain and one of the early conquistadores. I read through the formal grants of viceregal power and authority over such places and territories as might be ~~it~~ conquered and possessed in the name of the king, and suddenly I found myself chuckling when I came to the clause where the conquistador undertook to do various things, among which was: "For breeding purposes, to introduce into the new world (so many) horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and eight friars (priests)." No doubt the friars conscientiously performed their bounden duty.

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bald headed

an attractive young woman and a fat, pompous [^]old man, with the legend, "How to escape from a bore." Their conversation was set forth as follows: She, yawning. He, "And do you know they tell me that in India there are fakirs who can throw a rope up into the air, and then climb up the rope and disappear ~~in the air~~." She, with sudden animation, "Oh, how lovely; how I wish I could do that."

Then there was one I read only last week. "Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods. Fortunately, the tramp escaped."

All literature is full of these funny quirks and tidbits. And so is life, to one who can see and appreciate them. Even a robin looks ludicrous when he has pulled a worm half out of the ground and another robin takes it away from him. A fat man, red in the face and puffing, whose hat has blown off looks funny when he catches up with it, stoops with difficulty and reaches out his hand to grasp it, just as a puff of wind carries it beyond his reach. The fierce look and malignant expression on the faces of two men who bump into each other unexpectedly is also funny. Even inanimate things are funny sometimes when found in unusual or unexpected places, such as a photograph in yesterday's paper showing an automobile that climbed a tree and hung suspended from a limb. Anyhow, the perception of ludicrous things and humorous quips and situations and its expression by chuckling is at least a cheerful habit.

Prayer.

> Another curious habit is that of repeating mentally the Lord's Prayer before dropping off to sleep. It dates from boyhood and is purely automatic, because I have no faith in the efficacy of prayer except for its effect on the psychology of the one who prays with sufficient faith to cause him to exert himself as he might not otherwise do to achieve the object of his prayer. The repetition of the prayer serves the same purpose as counting and

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endless line of sheep jumping over a bar, raising the numerals to the tenth power mentally, counting the stars, or trying to ^{imagine} ~~measure~~ infinite space in terms of light years.

Acquiring Habits.

> The foregoing surely is a goodly list of habits that I possess, or that possess me. No doubt my wife could enumerate others of which I am not conscious or which have escaped my attention. For instance, she accuses me of snoring right lustily, but as I have never heard myself snore I have only her word for it. Habits result from repetition of mental and physical actions, especially in early life, which tend to become automatic and unconscious. They represent an adjustment to one's environment and economize time and thought. That is why soldiers are drilled, artisans, students and others are trained and disciplined to form habits of instant, unthinking, and unquestioning obedience and action, thus avoiding the necessity of thought, reasoning, and decision, or of memory, confusion, hesitation, and delay. Habits in themselves are neither good nor bad except as they contribute to or detract from the sum of human happiness. The habit of reading is usually considered to be a good one, but if it is indulged in to the extent that it interferes with other and more important employment or duties, affecting adversely either oneself or others, it is clearly a bad one. So with the habit of smoking tobacco or drinking alcoholic beverages, it is neither good nor bad in itself; it may be good so long as it contributes to the physical and mental wellbeing of the smoker or drinker, and incidentally improving his social relations with others: but the moment he smokes or drinks to excess the habit becomes a bad one because of its injurious effects on himself and others. ^P Habits once formed are exceedingly difficult to ~~break~~ overcome, and because they are apt to continue

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Developing Habits.

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throughout life and affect profoundly the welfare and happiness of the individual in his own physical and mental life as well as those with whom he has contacts and relations it is highly important that early habits be formed with care.

Other Possessions:
Knowledge.

Knowledge I have of many things of varying degrees of definiteness, thoroughness, completeness, accuracy, and value, the result of native curiosity, reading; study, work, doing, questioning, experimenting, thinking, and imagining, for more than half a century, supplemented by extensive travel and observation.

Memories.

I am rich in memories, both objective and subjective, extending back to infancy through 61 years of varied environment and associations, and across every ocean, sea, and continent, and nearly every country of the world. Surely to the end of life I can never be lonely, because I shall never want for something to think about or for interesting and entertaining recollections and mental pictures of the past. These are treasures of which nothing but the loss of consciousness or memory can deprive me.

Tangibles.
~~Other possessions.~~

In addition to my physical body and mentality, habits, knowledge, experience, and memories, I have certain other tangible possessions that should be listed in the inventory, such as relatives and friends, a city house and furniture, books and pictures, and a mountain farm, with fair equipment and stocked with forests and flowers.

Family.

Nearest is my wife, a dear little woman of about my own age,

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Family.

Nearest is my wife, a dear little woman of about my own age,

a blond, inclined to be plump, retaining her youthful appearance and spirits to a remarkable degree, overflowing with generous impulses, extremely sentimental, a would-be benefactress to all the aged, infirm, paupers, babies and children, delinquents of every description, and all the lower animals: a confirmed pacifist, a fanatical prohibitionist, a militant suffragette, puritanical but not religious, totally lacking in sense of direction, time, system, order, or mechanics: intolerant of all authority, instinctively opposed to the coercion of law and government by policemen or soldiers, and sympathetic with their victims--except ⁱⁿ the enforcement of puritanical laws; exceedingly tenacious of early or first impressions to the exclusion of all later ones; deliberate in movement and incapable of hurry ^{or} speeding up, no matter how urgent the occasion; a believer in the supreme power of thought, wish, or will to accomplish desired ends regardless of the nature of things, including the belief that the unpleasant things of life can be abolished, dissipated, or made nonexistent simply by ignoring or denying them; cheerful and uncomplaining in all circumstances or else silent; giving herself lavishly to others with no thought of self, even to the point of beating down protests and becoming a nuisance and regardless of consequences: never prone to gossip or speak ill of any one; inclined to be secretive or lacking in frankness; with the saving grace of humor, usually quick to see the point, but occasionally showing a strain of her English ancestry; always neat and tidy in her dress and home surroundings. *A* I love her for her invincible cheerfulness and her contrariness to me in many things, by which I do not mean opposition but rather that we are opposites in so many things that we supplement each other. Certain feelings

a blond, inclined to be plump, retaining her youthful appearance
 and spirit to a remarkable degree, overflowing with generous im-
 pulses, extremely sentimental, a would-be benefactress to all the
 aged, infirm, beggars, babies and children, delinquents of every
 description, and all the lower animals: a confirmed pacifist, a
 fanatical prohibitionist, a militant suffragette, puritanical but
 not religious, totally lacking in sense of direction, time, system,
 order, or mechanics: intolerant of all authority, instinctively
 opposed to the coercion of law and government by policeman or sol-
 diers, and sympathetic with their victims--except the enforcement
 of puritanical laws; exceedingly tenacious of early or first im-
 pressions to the exclusion of all later ones; deliberate in move-
 ment and incapable of hurry, speeding up, no matter how urgent the
 occasion; a believer in the supreme power of thought, wish, or will
 to accomplish desired ends regardless of the nature of things, in-
 cluding the belief that the unpleasant things of life can be abolish-
 ed, dissipated, or made nonexistent simply by ignoring or deny-
 ing them: cheerful and uncomplaining in all circumstances or else si-
 lent; giving herself lavishly to others with no thought of self, even
 to the point of beating down protests and becoming a nuisance and
 regardless of consequences: never prone to gossip or speak ill of
 any one; inclined to be secretive or lacking in frankness: with the
 saving grace of humor, usually quick to see the point, but occasion-
 ally showing a strain of her English ancestry: always neat and tid-
 dly in her dress and home surroundings. I love her for her invin-
 cible cheerfulness and her contrariness to me in many things, by
 which I do not mean opposition but rather that we are opposites
 in so many things that we supplement each other. Certain feelings

and outlooks on life we share: Both love human life; both like books; both fond of children, young people, flowers, and birds; both enjoying life in the country; and both nonchurch members.

The spice of life comes in the contrast and conflict between our different reactions, experiences, and points of view, the difference in the relative values we set upon things, and the fact that I am geared to move quickly^{and directly} and she slowly and deviously. Verily there is much spice in our married life.

My mother is still in the land of the living. She is with my sister on a small country place near Frederick, Md., and generally enjoys good health and spirits. To her I owe much in disposition, abilities, outlook on life, studious habits and ambitions which she partly inspired and always encouraged. Although she is now nearly eighty years old and I am 61, she still thinks of me and calls me her "boy." She is excessively proud of any public recognition that comes to me and correspondingly indignant if recognition is lacking. She has always been restless, dissatisfied with her lot, disappointed and unhappy because her own ambitions were not realized, for which reason she was an uncomfortable companion for father and something of a problem for her children. She was quite willing to make sacrifices for her family, but expected more from us and others than circumstances made possible.

My sister Nellie was my childhood's playmate, companion, and tormenter. She escaped from parental control and the drudgery of farm life by marrying when she was sixteen, had one child, secured a divorce, and later married a Mr. Winchester, a miller, who took her to California and Washington, where he died and left her a widow. For several years she was in the government service and then purchased a small farm near Frederick in partnership with her

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daughter, Eunice. During the last seven years while I was abroad she ~~has~~ managed Sunny Hill Farm for me.

Living with wife and ^{me} I is our adopted son, Otis, just past his 17th birthday. He is large for his age, tall, well formed, dignified, shy, youthful and very ignorant. Always he wants things and gets them without other effort on his part than begging, has never done any real work, does not know the value of money, when he gets a donation he rushes out to spend it, and has an invincible dislike and contempt for study or work of any kind. Apparently he expects to find a pot of gold or of marrying a young, beautiful and rich woman. A year ago he quit school and it was several days before we found it out. We found employment for him in a garage, but that lasted only a few weeks. For nearly a year he has just loafed and lived the life of a gentleman of leisure, lying in bed, dressing, listening to the radio, going to picture shows, and reading the flimsiest of novels. Wife worships him and is prepared to sacrifice herself and everybody else to gratify his desires, for all of which until quite recently he treated her very cavalierly. In him I possess a problem, aggravated by my long absence from home and my wife's obsessions regarding him.

We have also an adopted daughter, Thelma Lee, half sister to Otis and two years older. She also became fractious about a year ago, quit school, married secretly the day after I left Washington on a long trip without the knowledge of her foster mother, who learned of it only by accident a few weeks later. At that time she was defiant, ungrateful, and utterly beyond reason. She was a flapper of the most pronounced type. The man she married, Mr. Clyde C. Price, was at least ten years older than she, was employed as a chauffeur, and appears to be both agreeable and sensible. A year of married life has sobered her somewhat and the birth of a baby boy in February, 1930, will give her an occupation and something to think about besides rouge, lipsticks, dress, and picture shows.

There are other relatives living in other States, but as I have seen but few of them and rarely hear of or from them I scarcely count them among my possessions.

Real Property.
Material possessions.

(Dr. to p. 61)

I have several thousand dollars of savings cash in bank, ~~\$5,000~~ \$3,000 in government bonds, two life insurance policies for small amounts, a civil service retirement credit, several thousand books, a number of cheap pictures, ~~some~~ household furniture, and an accumulation of junk, and some farm equipment.

My town house, 1026 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., is old, in bad repair, and difficult to heat. Its assessed value for taxation, \$23,560, is nearly four times the purchase price thirty years ago. During the last ten years the taxes have increased from \$65 to over \$400 a year. In return for taxes, water rent, repairs and upkeep, we receive our own rent and \$480 a year

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There are other relatives living in other States, but as I have seen but few of them and rarely hear of or from them I scarcely count them among my possessions.

Real Property.
~~Material possessions.~~

I have several thousand dollars of savings cash in bank, ~~approximately~~ \$5,000 in government bonds, two life insurance policies for small amounts, a civil service retirement credit, several thousand books, a number of cheap pictures, ~~some~~ household furniture, and an accumulation of junk, and some ~~other~~ *some furniture.*

My town house, 1026 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., is old, in bad repair, and difficult to heat. Its assessed value for taxation, \$25,560, is nearly four times the purchase price thirty years ago. During the last ten years the taxes have increased from \$65 to over \$400 a year. In return for taxes, water rent, repairs and upkeep, we receive our own rent and \$480 a year.

as rental of four upper unfurnished rooms. I am trying to dispose of the house by sale or exchange, as wife and I are determined not to spend another winter in it. It is conveniently situated with reference to the business section, but is uncomfortable and has many unpleasant associations for us. Since I have owned the house there have been two births and eight deaths in it. It is too ~~large~~ for a small family and not large enough for a rooming house, and we feel that it must be disposed of so as to bring in a cash income on the investment.

Next, we have Sunny Hill Farm, 125 acres on Catoclin Mountain near Frederick, Md. On the farm are four dwellings, two barns, some outbuildings, and a fair equipment of tools and machinery. We have a good team, but getting old. The place has about forty acres in cultivation, the remainder being wooded, rocky mountain slopes. Half the cultivated ground is devoted to flowers and the other half to raising feed for the team. So far the place has cost me about \$1,200 a year. This place must be so managed as not to cost anything, or sold and the proceeds invested so as to afford an income. Among the flower items are about four acres in peonies and three acres in narcissi. Ten years ago the peonies were divided and reset to make 16,000 hills. These have multiplied and there should be not less than 80,000 divisions that formerly would sell wholesale at 25 cts apiece. My plan is to sell off the peony and narcissi stock as fast as purchasers can be found. Sunny Hill is a beautiful place in a lovely situation, but I can no longer afford to keep it at a loss.

Another piece of property brings in no income, namely, three building lots at Randall Highlands across the Eastern Branch near Pennsylvania Avenue. Lack of transportation, water, and gas, make

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Another piece of property brings in no income, namely, three
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Pennsylvania Avenue. Lack of transportation, water, and gas, make

this asset of small value.

Personal Property -----

→ (P.M.P. 59) Appointment as Assistant to the Director of Scientific Work, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

At this stage (Feb. 6, 1930) my fortunes change again. A few days ago I had an interview with Dr. A. F. Woods, Director of Scientific Work in the Department of Agriculture, who ^{proposed} ~~agreed~~ to have me appointed as his assistant, attached to the Secretary's Office, for the remainder of the year at \$500 per month, the salary to be made up by assessments against the different bureaux, to act as a sort of ⁱ ~~l~~ ^laisson officer between the Department of Agriculture, the State Department, and the Pan American Union, in developing and carrying through a program for the holding of an Inter-American Conference on Agriculture, Forestry and Animal Industry next September. This will keep me fully occupied for the remainder of 1930 and will give me an opportunity to dispose of the town house and make some arrangement about Sunny Hill Farm to cut down expenses.

So much for the present situation and possessions. Now one may look backward and try to recall and visualize the life he has lived, the visions and spectacles he has seen, and his varied experiences.

P 62 missing
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(Mr. P. D.)

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